

# Minnesota :

THEN AND NOW.

BY

MRS. HARRIET E. BISHOP.

afloat on the rough wave of fortune. Having ignored the poet's beaten track, we know it will not escape the keen tooth of criticism, which, tho' it should gnaw it to chowder, will not

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## PREFACE.

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"Much in little" has been the writer's aim in the pages here offered to the public, of which she had no design in the outset. The first twenty or thirty pages were written for the literary nature of a church sociable. Competent judges of their merit, asked that they be held in reserve, and a few more pages be added, till such time as should be arranged for a public reading. Being a home success, it went abroad, and like the *immortal* Popay, "grewed" as it went. The review of the State has passed under our own eye, "We speak that we do know, and justify that we have seen," and now set our poetical chart adrift on the rough wave of fortune. Having ignored the poet's beaten track, we know it will not escape the keen tooth of criticism, which, tho' it should gnaw it to chowder, will not improve the fact that there is "*truth in poetry.*"

H. E. B.

St. Paul, Minnesota, 1869.



## Minnesota; Then and Now.

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WHEN I roamed in the past, on my dear native hills,  
And life was as bright as the Green Mountain rills,  
I dreamed then a dream,—if by night or by day,  
Asleep or awake, it is needless to say,—  
But this much, my reader, 'tis well that you know,  
Those years in the past were just twenty ago;  
And now the bright vision, then floating along,  
Is the real ideal, the frame-work of my song.

Methought beneath the fairest skies,  
I saw a glorious landscape rise,  
Of wooded bluffs and dark ravines,  
Of rivers, lakes, and prairies green,  
Like undulating ocean's breast  
Had took a sudden fit to rest,  
When it had worn its gayest dress,  
Or proudly swelling 'gainst the strand,  
Had lashed its billows into land.  
Then sprang earth's poetry to light,  
Like that celestial, cheering night,



"Their name was legion," rich and rare,  
 Which threw their fragrance on the air ;  
 And shimmering cascades, as they fell,  
 Woke music in the tangled dell ;  
 And ancient forests, dark and grand,  
 Varied the beauty of that land.  
 In concert with the woodbird's song  
 Was nature's symphony prolonged ;  
 And deep in earth's dark caverned stores,  
 Were mints of wealth, in mineral ores.  
 The timid deer, in graceful bound,  
 Scared up the game birds from the ground ;  
 While river, lake and laughing brook  
 Were tempting to the angler's hook,  
 And luscious wild fruits plenteous grew.  
 Each changing phase was rich and new,  
 For Nature had a lavished care  
 In feast which it provided there,  
 And lovingly upon it smiled,  
 As mother on her first-born child ;  
 But never on the ear there fell  
 The music of the Sabbath bell,  
 And nowhere, looming on the sky,  
 Did church spire point the soul on high ;  
 On Learning's dome, or palace home,  
 Or cottage walls, the sun ne'er shone ;  
 Nor harvest fields of ripened grain,  
 In all that view, enriched the plain ;  
 But, lurking in the thicket, there  
 Were savage, wolf and growling bear.  
 Fair Science had no lustre shed—  
 The artist's soul had never fed

On scenes enchanting—where I gazed,  
 Absorbed in wild'ring amaze,  
 Till up the stream, with a wild "ho ! ho !"  
 The Indian paddled his light canoe.  
 Around me then, arose to view  
 The cone-shaped teepees of the Sioux,<sup>(1)</sup>  
 Else the bark lodge of his village home  
 Reflected back the golden sun ;  
 His arrow sped swift for foe or game,  
 And his scalping-knife was dark with stain.



Few men and women, with a godly zeal,  
 Were earnest workers on this mission field,  
 Toil worn, but firm that they the cross would bear  
 Until the crown the Saviour bade them wear.  
 In all this broad domain so fair.  
 There was no public thoroughfare,  
 Like slender thread, o'er hill and dale,  
 Its nearest kin was the Indian trail.



Yet over Snelling's steadfast walls, the starry banner  
 played,  
 And sentinels upon its tower, outstood the third decade,  
 To hold the savage bands in check, who roamed at will  
 and free,  
 And smoked the red stone pipe of peace with his red  
 skinned enemy.<sup>(2)</sup>

Why all this lavished wealth? I cried,  
 Of Nature's beauty, glory, pride ;  
 And why this wasted wealth of soil,  
 With none to reap the wealth of toil?

Then caught the ear a murm'ring strain,  
 Of streamlet wandering o'er the plain,  
 And "Laughing Waters" danced and sung  
 In strains melodious as they run ;  
 And to me said, or seemed to say :  
 "Here shall be at no distant day,  
 "From boasted Briton's southern line,  
 "Extending to more genial clime,  
 "A region, as an empire great,  
 "And it shall be the 'NORTH STAR STATE ;'  
 "Where many yet unborn shall come  
 "And rear the altar of their home.  
 "Its genial, pure, and bracing air  
 "Shall shattered nerves and health repair ;  
 "The weary find desired rest,  
 "And all the sons of want be blest.  
 "For honest toil of every grade  
 "Shall yield the toiler rich reward ;  
 "Content shall shed its blessings round,  
 "And plenty everywhere abound."

Awoke, and soon my dream's ideal  
 Was changed to life in glorious real ;  
 New charms, unfolding to the wond'ring sight,  
 Did feast the soul, and gave the heart delight ;  
 And ere the child was old enough to name,  
 Was Minnesota settled *on the brain*.  
 When God "spake, and it was done,"  
 From the far north a tiny brooklet run,  
 Convened its forces in a circling pool,  
 Where northern breezes aided to "keep cool."  
 Impatient then of too much just restraint,  
 The unseen heard and pitied its complaint ;  
 And eagerly as any maid of girl  
 It started off resolved to "see the world."  
 Her youthful pulse, fired with ambition's flame,  
 And fed desire for world distinguished name,  
 Which first she sought in flow'ry wood and plain,  
 With garlands decked in girlish ecstasy,  
 With merry bound she cried "St. Anthony !"  
 Nor deigned a pause to kiss the island sprite,  
 Born of a myth on Nicollet that night ;  
 And ever since has held poetic sway  
 O'er island, grove, and o'er the dancing spray.  
 Her "wild oats sown," she wore a graver face,  
 Majestic silence marked her widening race,  
 Reflecting back the unique mountain tops  
 Of terraced bluffs and castellated rocks ;  
 And cities fair rose proudly by her side,  
 And palace crafts rode on her sweeping tide ;  
 Her ultimatum of Ambition won,  
 When she reposed beneath a tropic sun.



One beetling bluff, on her triumphant way,  
Bespeaking record in historic lay,  
Was by Dakotas called "Immi-ja-ska"—  
A trading post, where they convened of yore,  
Euphonious "Pig's Eye" then the name it bore,  
This in the past, of years but just a score.

Now, like a maiden queen,

A fair young city stands,

And by his commerce wins,

A tribute from all lands.

This youthful city, known to all,

Now is dignified St. Paul.

Where dome of State asserts is wisdom's seat,  
Or ought to be, where Legislators meet,  
Where needful elements do happily combine  
To build a city worthy of our time ;  
Whence influence for mighty weal or woe  
Has gone abroad thro' all the land, we know.

Where tramping herds of buffalo went thundering along,  
And moccasins were following, not many years ago,  
Is now, a busy, bustling street, where teeming masses go ;  
Was then an Indian trail where stood, just twenty years ago,  
A mud-walled hovel roofed with bark and six-light win-  
dows two,  
Thro' which the light of Learning's beams first shed their  
golden hue,  
From whence, like glorious sunlight, diffusive in its aim,  
It sent its hallowed influence throughout this fair domain,  
And wealth has left its coffers, devoted to its cause,  
The church and school house risen and honored by the laws ;  
'Twas in that mud-walled hovel, the Sabbath prayer was  
said,

And to that mud-walled hovel the Sabbath school was led.  
There, fallow ground was broken, seed by all waters sown,  
Fields left to other reapers, where anxious tears had flown,  
But bread cast on the waters has never yet been lost,  
Tho' on the troubled billows it's long and doubting tossed.  
Now, speaks the heavenly monitor, small things do not  
despise,

'Tis from the lowly acorn the stately oak doth rise,  
And from the tiny pool we've seen the mighty river flow ;  
While others reap the harvest *now*, sown twenty years ago.



March, eighteen hundred forty-nine,  
A daughter hale and pretty  
Was born to honorable Uncle Sam,  
Who named her Minnesota.

From running in the open air,  
In limpid streamlets bathing,  
Her cheeks grew very fat and fair,  
With golden tresses waving.

Her brain was clear, her footsteps free,  
Her pleasant ways were winning,  
And she was always in the right,  
Unless when she was sinning.



So Uncle Samuel petted her,  
 As children few are petted,  
 And it has been her filial care  
 That it be not regretted.

Ripening in youthful beauty,  
 As he had never seen,  
 He put her in long dresses  
 Before she reached her teens.<sup>(3)</sup>

Now lend an ear and you shall hear,  
 How well she has repaid him  
 For his fond love paternal,  
 For all the trouble made him ;

She's never flinched when duty called,  
 She's never shrunk from working,  
 And never, in dark peril's hour,  
 Has sought a place for lurking.

Her own right arm has wonders wrought,  
 In building towns and cities,  
 In roads and bridges, farms and homes,  
 And sings them in her ditties.

Old Plymouth rock has echoed back  
 The invitation given—  
*Its* precious seed of Truth and Right,  
 Have been her moral leaven.

Her voice is heard across the wave,  
 Off'ring to other nations

The blessings of the "Homestead Act,"  
 With clothes and daily rations.

And well have been repaid her smiles  
 On foreign sons and daughters,  
 Who boast to-day their first owned homes  
 In land of Laughing Waters.

On a trip of exploration.  
 One genial summer's day,  
 Up a stream, *then* called St. Peter,  
 A steamer puffed her way.

There were men of wit and wisdom,  
 And men both bad and good ;  
 And women of sense, and senseless,  
 Upon that steamer stood—

Who strained their eyes, enraptured,  
 On the scenes so rich and new,  
 For not before did white man  
 That beauteous prospect view.

The soil was rich and varied,  
 What could they ask for more,  
 No scenery more inviting  
 Had they ever seen "out door."

And there, men sat in council,  
 Resolving, was to *act*,  
 Soon Uncle Sam had agents  
 Upon the red man's track.



Their fathers' graves were purchased,  
 And the thriftless owners left  
 Their ancient homes and hunting grounds,  
 For the disappearing West;

And magic change stretched out its wan  
 Wherever white man came,  
 And on the twisting river  
 Wrote a more pleasing name.

Now, Minnesota's winding  
 Where then St. Peter's ran,  
 Then, through its glorious valley  
 Prosperity began.

And now, where but a wild herbage grew  
 Years past, and scarcely twenty,  
 The skillful hand of science sows  
 And reaps the fields of plenty.

Now smiling homes are scattered here  
 And there o'er bluff and valley,  
 And clust'ring chimneys mark the town  
 Where sturdy yeomen rally.

To smoke and vote on 'lection days,  
 Or fill their purse with money  
 From sale of grain and beef and pork,  
 The dairy's yield and honey.

Content and peace fills every heart,  
 And health their frames in vigor;

The life pulse of the winter blast  
 Destroys its biting vigor.

From youthful inexperience,  
 She has suffered, sometimes sore,  
 But she's learning from these lessons  
 Much of solid wisdom's lore.

Once she fought an earnest battle  
 With the slimy serpent rum—  
 Fought it long, and well, and bravely,  
 Till he seemingly succumbed.

His head uncrushed, imported nurses<sup>(4)</sup>  
 Took him into anxious charge,  
 And with life-elixir doses  
 Set him once again at large.

And since then he's crawled unbidden  
 Wheresoe'er he's pleased to go,  
 And his slimy carcass hidden  
 With both former friend and foe.

Through golden tubes we see him crawling,  
 Often to the palace home;  
 As the cottage of the lowly,  
 Crawling all the same, he comes.

There his upas breath exhaling,  
 Plunging deep his poisonous fangs,  
 Piercing hearts of wives and mothers  
 With the keenest, sorest pangs.



Strange as true, he still is crawling,  
 Over all this fair domain,  
 Just like his satanic father,  
 Wounding where he has not slain.

Now, *home* nurses, true and faithful,  
 Have their heels upon his head ;  
 Tho' he squirms and darts and wriggles,  
 They'll not leave him till he's dead.

O, 'twill be a blessed era,  
 When this horrid monster's slain ;  
 When the right, long crushed and bleeding,  
 Triumphant shall rise again.

Now young Minne, test your metal ;  
 Be a woman, true and brave ;  
 Show the world your moral valor,  
 And the young and erring save.

Fear not demagogues and toadies,  
 Care not for their threats and jeers ;  
 God will strengthen and defend thee,  
 And Him only, should'st thou fear.

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In fearful conflicts of the land,  
 She's kept her standing firmly ;  
 To tempting bribes of treachery  
 She's closed her eyelids sternly.

She heard financial's thunders roar ;  
 She felt a Wall street quaking ;  
 And braced her firmly in her shoes,  
 For a financial shaking.

The storm burst forth with mad'ning howl—  
 More angry than expected ;  
 With anxious care writ on her brow,  
 Her heart was not dejected ;

It passed ; and then like heavens cleared  
 When thunderbolts had riven,  
 She stood with brow serene and fair,  
 As erst by tempest driven.

And then this petted sister said,  
 " We're plodding on too slow,  
 And we must have a railroad,  
 Like other folks, you know."

And so she " put her wits to work,"  
 And " a word in Gotham's ear,"  
 And drew out money from his purse—  
 And what did next appear ?

Why, neighing loud, the iron horse,  
 Which Inspiration saw—  
 " Chariots raging in the street "  
 And " jostling in broad ways."

When thro' the vista of long years,  
 The prophet Nahum looked,



They seemed to him like the "glaring torch  
In "the lightning speed" they took.

And I've no doubt he clearly saw  
The mass of railroad men,  
Who on these broad prairies now,  
(Tho' all unknown to them,)

Fulfil this word of prophecy,  
In His eternal plan,  
And carry out His deep design,  
To make Immanuel's land.

She's now this wonder of his ken,  
With lightning wires to match,  
She's whispered in the old world's ear,  
And caught the echo back.

Now Uncle Sam has no more cause,  
For anxious doubts or fears,  
She's dignified in head and heart  
For one of twenty years.

Joy came to earth when this fair child was born,  
Hopes undeveloped sprung to life therefrom ;  
The printing press came then to homage pay,  
Her charms to herald from her natal day ;  
Like irrigation to the sun-parched ground,  
The potent press unto our State was found,  
Inviting here its honest men and true,  
Her virtues painting in her native hue.  
Tho' Goodhue sleeps (we've missed him many a  
year),<sup>(6)</sup>

Lives his pet child, the well known PIONEER ;  
Now every hamlet gives the weekly news,  
In semi, tri, or daily, as they choose.

All crafts, all creeds, all characters and men,  
Made up the rapid influx masses then,  
Who trod, with varied aims, one grass-grown  
street,  
And on one level did both sleep and eat.

ST. PAUL HOUSE, then, famed for its "bill of fare,"  
Bass, and all fish, with game, in plenty there ;<sup>(6)</sup>  
That rude log structure of no mean renown,  
Pushed left and right, with down and upward  
bound,  
Like all things Western, growing with the town.  
Now, stately walls of architectural skill,  
The princely MERCHANT's ope's its portals still,  
Its "cords have lengthened," and "its stakes"  
grown strong,  
Till *Shaw* is graved indelibly thereon.

The Yankee element controls the hour,  
Cringing never (?) to a foreign power,  
The soul expanding with the growing West,  
Where wooden nutmegs have become *non est*.  
Now, INTERNATIONAL, in kingly state,  
Invites all lands within its templed gate.  
Alas ! alas ! for lofty earthly walls !  
The highest piles must have the lowest falls ;  
But these in glory more resplendant shone  
On falling night than on their rising morn.<sup>(7)</sup>





And MOFFET'S CASTLE, with its "stars and stripes,"  
 Its *deep* foundations, based on moral right,<sup>(8)</sup>  
 And temperance, grafted in its unique walls,  
 Will firmly stand, when prouder structures fall.

Time was, when dogs in harness,  
 Or soldiers, "packed" the mail ;  
 Then, only *semi-occasionally*,  
 And often known to fail ;  
 Now, in this age of progress,  
 It rides upon a rail.

Then, good old Uncle Samuel—  
 As all *old settlers* know—  
 Ordered a semi-monthly,  
 Some twenty years ago,  
 And bade that it be faithful  
 In summer's heat, or snow.

And well they learned to prize it,  
 When it would come and go  
 Without a moist collision  
 With melting ice and snow ;  
 For then the streams were bridgeless—  
 As my hearers ought to know—  
 And its sponsors were quite blameless  
 Whene'er it happened so.

... and drowned, like the rose in the shower ;  
 ... were the contents, if not quite defaced ;  
 ... waited a full "moon," or more  
 ... stern, with the patience of grace ;



But *now* all our missives are carried by steam—  
 Be they business or love, be they friendship or spleen  
 And the mail is so weighty it takes a *big team*,  
 And a big force of patience, well manned and alert  
 Sworn, mustered and 'rolled into post office clerks ;  
 And now, on a train that's more supple and spry,  
 To dog-trains and soldiers, forever, *good bye*.

Proud day was that when modest school house claim  
 Place of *that hovel* of immortal fame ;  
 The law of Progress is almost divine—  
 And *now* we bow before a templed shrine,  
 Whence Ignorance, with all its hated train,  
 It drives, pell-mell, from out this fair domain.  
 Of pedagogues and schoolmams—all the same—  
 No finer corps e'er wore the honored name,  
 Than those, who more than kingly scepter sway,  
 Young minds their empire, monarchs of the day ;  
 They're standing now where others stood before ;  
 Their work is winnowing the well thrashed floor.

The churches then uprose, a mighty band,  
 Sweet smelling savor of this "goodlie" land ;  
 Their tall spires pointing toward the heavenly light  
 Where heart of man should oft'ner take its flight  
 And faithful messengers of peace and hope  
 With sin and sorrow had no aimless cope,  
 As blest in this as in each gift of love  
 Sent by our Father from his court above,  
 The gem of talent and the gold of lore,  
 The clergy bring unto the Master's door,  
 And meekly lay them at their Saviour's feet,

To break life's bread, of which the people eat.  
 We thank thee, Father, for this sacred test  
 Of love, with others wherewith we are blest,  
 And may our hearts with warmer fervor glow,  
 And purer streams of living waters flow.

We mind us when no odorous saddle bags  
 Were posted round upon the docile nags,  
 Nor sugar-pills, so harmless in their case,  
 Tempted the child to ask a second taste ;  
 Nor hygienist, nor water cure, nor *healer at his Post*,  
 Nor alopathist stood confest a unit as a host.  
 What need we then of doctor's potent care,  
 When health was wafted in each breath of air ?  
 But sickness came, imported, who'll deny ?  
 And doctors, too, when men began to die.  
 Now pathists all have wondrous skill  
 In healing touch or sugar pills,  
 In water cure or calomel ;  
 And if acute or chronic be the ail,  
 If Heaven please, a cure they will not fail.  
 All honor now be to this conquering band,  
 Who fight diseases in this healthful land.

No laws had we, no need of lawyers then,  
 But times have failed, and *now* we've both, my  
 friends ;  
 Honest code and bar, as learned and profound,  
 And truthful, quite, as in the Nation found ;  
 We make no "brief," but if you look about,  
 You'll see their modest(?) shingles hanging out.



Before this battery of our random shot,  
 The modern merchant must not be forgot.  
 We speak in contrast with the same of yore,  
 When "Indian trader," was the name he bore,  
 And Indian goods, and Indian trinkets rare  
 Were most conspicuous in the log store ; there  
 Were no fabrics from a foreign loom,  
 But in their stead, was home or foreign fume ;  
 With evil pregnant, "surely that's the rub,"  
 St. Paul was founded on a whisky tub ;  
 And hence the influence to uprising towns,  
 Which all have felt, but few could understand,  
 Deploring which, the axiom we mind—  
 "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined ;"  
 Rejoice meanwhile that these are with the Past,  
 And guard the Present lest it prove too fast.  
 Rich tempting wares, on every business street,  
 Attest an invoice in each line complete.  
 We waited then, till tardy steamer come,  
 For bread and butter, *now* they're made at home,  
 And sent abroad by rail and packet line,  
 And net their dollars from outlay of dimes.  
 Westward ho !—the banner is unfurled—  
 The North Star State is garden of the world.

Majestic West ! unlimited in space !  
 Excelsior engraven on thy face !  
 With innate strength, and living soul aflame,  
 Nobility is not alone in name !  
 Historic past outstrips the wisest ken,  
 Its future lives, high in the hopes of men,  
 Holds in its hand the nation's "balance sheet,"

Connecting link, when ocean ocean meets.  
 Nobline the triumph, glorious and complete,  
 With staid old cities at her youthful feet,  
 Awaiting there her dignified behest,  
 When twining laurels crown the mighty West ;  
 When proud old cities 'neath their rivals fall,  
 They've no Chicago, nor perchance, St. Paul.

In hauteur's tone, derisive speak we not,  
 Of mountain home, where infancy was rocked,  
 Where sterile soil could "raise but little grain,"  
 But model schools raised strong and earnest men,<sup>(9)</sup>  
 Who battle nobly with the heart and pen,  
 And send their power to earth's remotest end ;  
 Where Genius sheds his most benignant ray,  
 And most sincerely we're compelled to say,  
 'Twas blessed boon to on those hills be born,  
 But blessed more to emigrate therefrom ;  
 Like the young bride who leaves her father's door,  
 Whose love deep centres in the warm heart's core,  
 That, not the less, but *this we love the more*.

When thundering war clouds darkened all the land,  
 Heedle Minnie took a noble stand ;  
 And while the direst moral earthquake shock  
 The foundations of our Nation rocked—  
 Every man and means, with willing heart and hand,  
 All twenty thousand joined the conquering band.  
 'Twas a struggle fearful, dark and strong,  
 When and Rebellion held its sway so long !  
 Our people, nobly battling for the right,  
 Set forth to "walk by faith and not by sight,"



And were instructed by the chastening rod,  
 "To wait the grinding of the mills of God."

Then consternation at her fireside reigns ;  
 The scalping-knife reeks with the blood of slain ;  
 Fond mothers' hearts are wrung with direst woe,  
 And orphaned children wander to and fro ;  
 Such bloody acts—such cruel deeds were done,  
 As ne'er before were seen beneath the sun.  
 For one brief moment petrified she stands,  
 Then roused, and spake, and forth an army sprang  
 Rushed to the scene of slaughter and dismay,  
 And came back scathed—but victors of the day.

In our great West, God had prepared a man—  
 A Union chief—to consummate his plan,  
 And conquering Grant declared that in good time  
 He'd "*fight it out upon that battle line.*"  
 "We waited, anxious, for the hour supreme  
 When our free flag from Richmond's height should  
     gleam,  
 And joy triumphant, which no pen can tell,  
 Filled every loyal heart, when Richmond fell."

The nation's peace was looming not afar,  
 Young Minne saw and blest the guiding star,  
 Hope's brimming goblet held to thirsty lips,  
 And joy's cool chalice eagerly she sips ;  
 One day, rejoicing in a conquered foe,  
 The next, half palsied by the ruthless blow,  
 Bowed down with grief and draped in mourning band  
 A nation weeps, there's grief in foreign lands ;

"Both friend and foe had learned to praise a name,  
 Whose noble deeds, writ on the scroll of fame,"  
 Had marked him one whom Heaven chose, to bless  
 The suffering nation in its deep distress ;  
 His noble soul for this great work he braved,  
 His heart now lightened in a country saved,  
 When lo ! Rebellion struck the assassin's blow,  
 The nation's *Lincoln* was in death laid low.  
 Ah ! mad assassin ! infamy thy name !  
 Eternity cannot wash out thy stain ;  
 Such deed must rank, it cannot be denied,  
 With those who wrangled by the Crucified.

The work sublime, by Washington begun,  
 Was prelude brief to that by Lincoln done ;  
 Our country's father and its savior meet  
 And cast their laurels at their SAVIOUR's feet.  
 One lived to see the acme of his aims,  
 And fell :—the other ere their zenith gained.  
 His life was pure, unsullied from his youth,  
 And firmly based on righteousness and truth,  
 And meekly wielding the great ruler's rod,  
 He blest the earth, *the noblest work of God.*

He perished ere the war clouds had rolled back from the sky,  
 Embalmed in sacred memory, the good can never die ;  
 He broke the galling fetters of a race so long enchained,  
 And their emancipation to all the world proclaimed ;  
 Like Israel's chosen leader, who led the slaves of yore,  
 He marched them thro' the Red Sea, unto their promised  
     shore ;  
 When from the Pisgah of his hopes, the Canaan of desire



Loomed on the brightning horizon, he heard the voice—  
“come higher.”

“For he had ascended Fame’s ladder so high,  
From the round at its top he stepped into the sky.”  
The pulses of that noble heart are sleeping cold and still  
But thro’ the councils of the land his spirit pulses trill,  
And to the nation’s heart he speaks, in memory’s loving  
tones,

Bidding it be strong in God, and trust in Him alone.

No longer heard the furious bugle blast,  
The peace so long desired had come at last ;  
The North Star State to her heroic sons,  
With laurels meet proclaimed a “WELCOME HOME,”  
And wiped the tear for every gallant brave  
Who sleep in honored, tho’ in unknown graves.  
When danger called ; where duty bid them go,  
Her hero boys had never answered—“no ;”  
But “into line,” they knew no coward fear,  
And marching front, they never sought “the rear ;”  
Warmed by the sun, which lit them in the fray,  
Flowers bloom o’er hosts who’re sleeping there to-day,  
Lulled by the music of a southern wave,  
Till angel trumpet wake them from the grave,  
Till then, they sleep together, friend and foe,  
And spirits meet who crossed their blades below.

Young Minnie smiles again, the darkened clouds  
have sped,  
And Joy’s bright sunshine settled on her head,  
The savage “bands” beyond her bounds have fled,  
Their murderous leaders written—“with the dead.”

Now generous Plenty smiles o’er all the land,  
And scatters blessings with profusive hand,  
No magic wonders working in her soil,  
But earnest effort and persistent toil,  
And enterprise, an element sublime,  
In man developed, aids each plan divine ;  
A glorious halo circles her fair brow,  
And marks the contrast between the THEN and NOW ;  
And, in the constellation of the States,  
She yet will be the greatest of the *great*.

‘The Orphans’ Home, nor “Home for Homeless” less,  
Conceived in Heaven ; of woman born, are blest.  
School of Reform, and college walls that rise,  
Are monuments of public enterprise.  
Young men combined in Christian effort, sway  
A power for good, along the opening way.  
And hearts, now pregnant with celestial fire,  
Are making record for the world up higher.

When England’s bard the “Sofa’s praises” sung,  
Immortal Cowper found his “Task” not done,  
‘Till he had shook the nursery of Thought,  
And ripest fruitage to his storehouse brought ;  
So we take words, yet they’re all too weak  
Portrayal of the theme we speak.  
The bracing stimulus of Winter’s reign,  
The joy when budding Spring returns again,  
And Summer’s charms, with thunder most profound,  
The blinding lightning, playing on the ground,  
Are faint foreshadowings of Autumnal charms.

Then weary plowboy in life’s furrow rests,



The thrifty husbandman, in labor blest,  
 Sees his reward in "harvest shouted home,"  
 And fills his purse beside his own hearthstone.  
 The blue serene, the golden sunset sky,  
 The moonlit nights—to paint them, who shall try,  
 In faithful life? not I, indeed, not I.  
 The sweetened nectar of the balmy air  
 Invigorates age—makes maladies despair;  
 And dear old earth puts on her bright array,  
 All nature holds one long glad gala day.

Health seekers come, all other climes

Pay tribute to our State;

A healthful life pulse ever supervenes,

Unless they come too late.

The grey old fox, of huntsmen shy,  
 With subtle craft eludes his eye;  
 "Wo worth the day," when hidden steel  
 Springs on his swiftly doubling heels;  
 The richest fur to him is nought,  
 Now that his skin is sold and bought,  
 By greedy trade. For loss or gain  
 The mink and badger flies in vain,  
 The subtle lure, or bullet's aim.  
 The choking air with odor rife  
 Speaks loudly of the loss of life;  
 But still more rank smells on the air  
 The greenback odor, when for wear  
 The furrier's skill does them prepare.  
 But Commerce smiles upon the trade,  
 And men rejoice in fortunes made;  
 And, wrapped in furs, will Minnie rest  
 As warm as in her summer dress.

Italia's skies are bright and fair,  
 But Minnie's brighter, fairer;  
 Italia's sunsets rich and rare,  
 But Minnie's richer, rarer.  
 "Come now to the sunset tree,"  
 Behold what gorgeous glory  
 O'erspreads the steel blue vault,  
 In Spring or Autumn hoary;  
 Its drapery, gold and crimson,  
 Festooned with bands of light,  
 Which seem like angels watching  
 The day merge into the night;  
 Like when the Christian's life day  
 Draws near its evening time  
 With visions of heavenly glory  
 Enrapturing—sublime.  
 So, is her crowning glory,  
 When the bright day is done,  
 When, backward, comes the halo  
 Of the departing sun.

Friend Morpheus has stretched his wand o'er earth,  
 And locked its senses in profoundest rest;  
 Mayhap the storm is howling loud without,  
 And wild snows drifting in mad freaks about,  
 When, hark! there rings upon the midnight air,  
 The startling cry of fire! FIRE! FIRE!  
 Quick bells respond in earnest peal,  
 Brave hearts arouse and heavy eyes unseal;  
 Flames, storms and dangers may be thick'ning here,  
 Heroic firemen have no word like *fear*.  
 Where flames are thickest and where danger's most



You'll find the bravest of this noble host.  
 When smoke has cleared, and gloom is hov'ring  
 round  
 The steaming embers, o'er the blackened ground,  
 Unthought of then, are those whose efforts saved  
 The goods and loved ones from a fiery grave.  
 Yet toil they on with unrequited zeal,  
 To merit's tribute making no appeal.  
 All honors meet accord the firemen's dress,  
 Ennobling soul's exalted manliness.

The glow of heart, the pulses quick'ning beat,  
 And warm hand pressure, when old settlers meet,  
 And old time memories lighting up the eye,  
 Will bloom afresh when later memories die.  
 At this dost marvel, you of later day?  
 They hand in hand have pioneered the way,  
 Hearts and their aims merged in a blessed one,  
 And sent abroad the invitation, "*come* ;"  
 They bore the "heat and burden" of the day,  
 And after-comers have secured *the pay* ;  
 With o'er taxed strength they laid foundation strong,  
 For these to build their stately structures on.  
 Few know the struggles of those good old times,  
 Or social joys which at the fireside chimed  
 In unison with every kindred heart,  
 Who in those struggles bore a manly part ;  
 Few know the work of brains and muscles then,  
 Or self-denials of those worthy men,  
 Whose earnest efforts knew no word like fail,  
 Each life of whom would be a thrilling tale ;  
 Now sacred memories wipe the falling tear

For noble ones no more to meet us here ;  
 While living memories twine the chaplet now,  
 Meet ornament for each old settler's brow,  
 Who annually, in high or lowly station,  
 Find greetings warm in this Association.



Richly diamond is our noble State,  
 With skillful settings in her limpid lakes,  
 The one most worthy we make record here,  
 But hundreds more are smiling just as clear ;  
 Where wrought mound-builders ages long ago,  
 Lake Minnetonka claims a place in song,  
 With brodered vestments in his primal dress,  
 And rich embowered in native loveliness.  
 Unknown for ages by the world of art,  
 Leaps to the stage, and well performs his part,  
 For *now* he laughs and shakes his sturdy sides  
 In sweet content around his firesides,  
 And cultured farms are mirrored in his face ;  
 And rural towns, in their sweet native grace,



And antique mounds, with mystery on their brow,  
 The steam horse greets in daily visits now ;  
 Now dashing on the " North Pacific line "  
 To Puget Sound, which he will make " on time. "  
 Creation's morn God saw this work was good,  
 Then bade it join great Mississippi's flood.  
 Awhile it sported 'mid earth's fairest scenes,  
 " A line of silver 'tween a fringe of green, "  
 Then gathered up her glit'ring robes, I ween,  
 Like care free child, scooped out the prairie sand,  
 And triple lakes, like sisters, hand in hand,  
 Uplift their flower-wreathed heads  
 With smiling visage from their prairie beds.  
 The Maker smiled, and loved their beauty long  
 (While angels joined in chorus with their song)  
 Ere mortal eye had come to love them too,  
 Or sing their *glories*, ever rich and new.

The scene has changed, gay streamlet purling on,  
 A heaven-sent gladness in its cheerful song,  
 For each varied phase, in new visions of light,  
 Brings echoes of blessings, from morning till night.  
 As singing and dancing and limpid and bright,  
 New phases revealing, in varying light ;  
 Then gushing and rushing and quick'ning her pace,  
 Away to the nuptials is bounding in haste ;  
 Not fearing nor doubting, she makes a bold leap,  
 And Minnehaha laughs loud at her freak.  
 All dressed in her best, every day of the week,  
 So modest and winning, so charming and sweet,  
 That many admirers sit low at her feet,  
 Where they list to the flow of her musical strains,

And bathe the glad soul in her sweetest refrains ;  
 Ere dashing and thrashing adown the dark dell ;  
 She gushes and rushes from whereat she fell,  
 Still dark'ning and blinding and dripping with spray,  
 In her fresh, girlish mood, she hastens away,



To the " Father of Waters, " where caught in his arms,  
 The maiden's are lost in the staid matron's charms.  
 Where merry waters sang the live long day,  
 Till age on age passed, like their mist away,  
 Now whitened millers keep their hopper full,  
 Nor stop the click-clack of their busy mills ;  
 Old forest kings bow to industrious saws,  
 And busy shuttles whiz to Science's laws.  
 These merry waters sung and danced as now,  
 The bow of promise wreathing their fair brow,  
 Ere hand of Art had marred their charming face,

And robbed their form of symmetry and grace.  
 O, Solitude ! we loved thy face sublime,  
 So pure, so perfect in that olden time !  
 And nature's song ! we think we hear it still,  
 As first we stood in that old tumbling mill.  
 It stands there yet, unheard in business din,<sup>(10)</sup>  
 And makes no boast of what its past has been ;  
 Type of old settlers of this goodlie State !  
 A worthy relic few appreciate !  
 As now we muse of its unwritten past,  
 We'd snatch it from oblivion at last,  
 Here photograph its honored time-stained walls,  
 Ere it shall totter o'er the surging falls ;  
 Those antique relics save, O save them all.

Night threw its sable curtain over earth,  
 And silent nature wrought in wondrous birth,  
 Her fair creations of attractive skill,  
 By mystic workings of mysterious will,  
 The artist hand, moved by a power divine,  
 Grafted the progress of the human mind.  
 We slept, and woke while Sol's first morning ray,  
 On grove and prairie, danced along our way,  
 And lo ! a city, dignified and fair,  
 In that brief night had surely risen there,  
 And ripening fast into no mean renown,  
 Was this firm based and enterprising town ;  
 Its praise 'twere vain to still extenuate,  
 For MINNEAPOLIS is now both rich and great,  
 And of all towns speaks *loudest* in the State.  
 "Utility" is written on her falls,  
 Poetic measure harmonizing all.

ST. ANTHONY FALLS IN 1834.







"Twas said of old, when time was young,  
 "Men to and fro on earth will run,"  
 And tho' the soul on nature feeds,  
 The outer man hath other needs ;  
 And stranger—invalid or hale—  
 Will find his comforts never fail,  
 And every pleasure promptly met  
 At the commodious "NICOLLET,"  
 Which is, it must be here confessed,  
 An honor to the glorious West.

"Go build defense upon the wild frontier,"  
 Said UNCLE SAM—Fort Snelling did appear—  
 Mere barracks first, and then, as time went on,  
 By slow degrees, arose a fortress strong ;  
 "A useless outlay," said tax-paying greed,  
 For which its blindness saw no real need ;  
 But when war's clarion sounded thro' the nation,  
 Were blest, indeed, in military station.  
 What stirring scenes in "drillings" and "reviews !"

What thrilling shouts arose at "army news !"  
 When scalping-knife reeked with the blood of slain,  
 Rejoiced we most that Snelling did remain.  
 Now, in meet homage to his lofty seat,  
 The stately engine whistles at his feet.

MENDOTA, ancient fur post,  
 So wrinkled, old and blear,  
 Blind to its rich surroundings,  
 Shall have attention here.  
 How strange the freaks of fortune !  
 What debts to circumstance,  
 Are due from risen cities,  
 And elements of chance !  
 Dame Nature wrote approval,  
 And said, "build here a town ;"  
 The disobedient elfin  
 Preferred to *win* her crown,  
 And so she chose her umpire,  
 And floated further down,  
 Where work and will would strengthen  
 And bring to her renown.

With blindest smile and winning air,  
 ROSEMOUNT is next to speak :  
 Sweet rural beauty nestles there,  
 Upon her rosy cheek.

"Where's FARMINGTON?" we asked one day,  
 "A rural town, on the railway,  
 Some thirty miles or more, away,"  
 The ready answer came :

"Scarce worthy to be called town,  
But looking upward, toward renown,  
In hopes to win a name."

Suns but few had rose and set,  
When Farmington and we had met  
In one side admiration ;  
The rich surroundings made it clear,  
That men had wisely chosen here,  
To "work their own salvation,"  
In all that elevates the race,  
And with a frank and honest face,  
To act their part in nation.  
"There is no wonders 'neath the sun,"  
"What has been, can be," Farmington  
Is worthy, more than we have sung,  
And church and schoolhouse rise to tell,  
He aims to act his mission well.  
With whistling cheer the steam horse comes,  
And branching off, to Hastings runs.

What strange wild freak, huge CASTLE ROCK,  
Induced thee in this place to stop?  
Or was it that thou did'st disdain  
Seclusion, in the mountain range,  
So traveled off to "parts unknown,"  
And braved thy brow to storms alone?  
Or centre of an inland sea,  
Did'st thou, far back, an island be,  
Where angry waters lashed thy sides,  
Then left thee on this prairie wide?  
Whate'er thou art, whence from thou'st came,



G. W. Plumley, Eng.

CASTLE ROCK.

Thou clearly art defined in name,  
And hast the shocks of age defied,  
While change is writ on all beside.  
As thy bold front looms on the sky,  
The reverent soul ascends on high ;  
To nature's God, and nature's law,  
It bows with reverence and awe.



Not vain the boast of young expanding towns,  
Which dot our soil, and shed their blessings round,  
Where then the red men chased the bounding deer,  
Or smoked their pipes around the council fire,  
Now white men's farms and white men's homes appear  
And NORTHFIELD smiles in radiant beauty here.

Where garnered fruit of Summer's toil,  
Evinced the faithful reaper's spoil ;  
When hazy Autumn's yellow morn  
Shone on the fields of ripened corn,  
We came and saw, with pleased delight,  
The gladness of a festive night,<sup>(11)</sup>  
Where Philoclesians spread the feast,  
And creeds were merged in well pleased guests ;  
And as we gazed around us here,  
We asked, "Is this the wild frontier?"  
Ah ! no, our soul ecstatic cried,  
It's now the nation's centre, pride ;  
Fair college walls, wherein the sexes meet,<sup>(12)</sup>  
Crown Woman's Rights, triumphant and complete  
The North Star State is rightly named !  
The North Star State is justly famed.

Not gay of dress, nor fair of face,  
But nobly moving in the race,  
And DUNDAS surely is well "*bread*,"  
For here the hungry man is fed ;  
The finest flour from best of wheat,  
From "Dundas' Mills," he's bidden eat.

The iron horse from far Atlantic's side,  
Neighs in our street and fires our modest pride,

And while we clear the Central Railroad track,<sup>(13)</sup>  
Its youthful cities send their greeting back  
To elder sisters, by the mighty strand,  
With open heart, extends a welcome hand,  
Invite to homes, well pleasing to each taste,  
For still *there's room*, much beauty lying waste.

Young winsome maid, we've studied thy fair face,  
Thy form of beauty and thy mien of grace !  
Thy name 'tis true, harsh soundeth to the ear,  
But FARIBAULT has noble record here.  
Where then the savage built his scaffold grave,  
Now Christians meet in holy State conclave,<sup>(13)</sup>  
And creeds of men are haply lost to sight.  
All hail with joy the glorious dawning light  
On Zion's Hill : harmonious the song ;  
All hearts upraise in that vast hopeful throng.  
Progressive age ! the church is moving on !  
Unused to speak, unloosed is woman's tongue !  
From "Silence's" chains, henceforth forever free  
To speak as work in Christ's own church may be.<sup>(14)</sup>  
We may not leave, fair prairie gem, thy side,  
Without a tribute to thy boast and pride ;  
For thou hast taught the hopeless deaf to hear,  
And they have learned God's holy name to fear ;  
The dumb to speak ; the blind to see, and love  
The beauteous earth, and blessed light above.  
Ah ! glorious triumph of majestic mind,  
Which wrought achievement for such end sublime !  
St. Mary's Hall, clad in the bishop's gown,  
With Shattuck School, and public structures

Crown the forehead fair, of this young prairie town,  
And shed their light thro' all the region round.

MEDFORD's retiring visage looms next upon the track,  
Evinceing, by surroundings, no stint of local tact,  
For glorious farming region is stretching far away,  
And becks the homestead seeker to rest upon his way.

Scarce turned the red man toward the setting sun,  
When, lo ! the white man's cabin was begun ;  
And with a will, which knows no word like fail,  
Is OWATONNA *staked and mapped*, "for sale."  
Not long the struggle for a base secure,  
Its innate strength had made a future *sure*,  
And now from hence rich Commerce sends a greeting,  
For railroads here now hold a union meeting,  
And send herefrom the soil's upheaving wealth,  
And bring in turn the seekers after health.  
Then, Learning's beams, diverged from rural bower,<sup>(12)</sup>  
With happy impress and a quick'ning power ;  
Now Learning's dome uplifts its glit'ring sheen,  
And its blest handmaids by its side are seen ;  
We thank thee, Father, that Thou'st set the seal  
Of Thy approval on this whitening field,  
While faithful laborers thrust the sickle in,  
To reap the sheaves from out the haunts of sin.

Away we whiz, in transport, o'er rich, neglected soil,  
Held by the speculators, "land sharks," who never  
toil ;  
Wishing the honest yeomanry of rugged Eastern hills  
Were plowing these fair acres, therefrom their purse to fill.

'Till comes the pleasant visage of LANSING by the way ;  
Not eloquent, but manly, content to bide his day.

Soon, the steam horse dashes in his blinding speed,  
Through tokens of advancement, which a world might  
feed ;

And with inquiring wonder opes the eyelids wide,  
Whence have come the masses, borne on this living tide ?  
With a will unmated by her sister States,  
Mine's hand of welcome holds a home for each,  
Who take the proffered shelter beneath her ample wing,  
Or but the transient caller, who may her praises sing,  
Where Cedar and the Turtle join in wedlock's bands,  
And the steam horse resteth, youthful AUSTIN stands,  
Important in position, more than as shire of Mower,  
For region broad is pouring its treasures at his door.

Shall we tell the story how the county seat,  
Once with a rival township, played at hide and seek,  
Hiding in the snow bank, or 'neath official robe,  
It walked unseen at midday upon a public road ?  
How quietly it slumbered beneath official bed,  
Until succumbed its seekers, and the county war was  
dead ?

No, we will not tell it, but let the Yankee "guess,"  
How Legislative action secured its final rest.<sup>(16)</sup>

As we list the mirthful story of the early pioneer,  
And contrast the "claimant's cabin" with the taste and  
comfort here.

Lights and shades are strangely blended in a brief decade  
of years,

And the strong impress of culture in its handiwork ap-  
pears ;



Sacred church spires point to heaven, chosen watchmen  
 point the way,  
 To the better land celestial, to a brighter, heavenly day,  
 And the folds of Learning's banner, waves in gladdening  
 light,  
 And Science's Hill, now modernized, looms on the well-  
 pleased sight.  
 'Tis no myth, this youthful Austin, 'tis a strong, precious  
 child,  
 Giving influence to a region, late an unfenced beautiful  
 wild.  
 But sometimes within the rosebud, coils the dark, decep-  
 tive worm,  
 Sadly marring its fair beauty, robbing therefrom half its  
 charm,  
 So alas ! within his bosom coils the "serpent of the still,"  
 Making ugliness of beauty, poisoning whomsoever it will,  
 But with stern, unyielding firmness, stand the Templars'  
 Army here,  
 Scouting to besiege his stronghold, standing picket all  
 the year.  
 Work on, noble working sisters, fight on, gallant brothers  
 all,  
 Strengthened for the impending conflict, powerless shall  
 no efforts fall ;  
 Work and wait God's time appointed, till the victory be  
 won,  
 You shall bring your sheaves triumphant, o'er the con-  
 quered demon, Rum.

Is my reader curious, to know whereat he comes,  
 On this long line of railroad, thro' region where the sun

shines with no brighter lustre, nor quickens growth more  
 sure,  
 Nor offers fairer promise to those it would allure.  
 The law of compensation, objections all destroy,  
 Now blows the harsh steam whistle at the station of  
 LeRoy.

State line is passed, unheded, Iowa's noble hand  
 Has stretched her iron fingers to where McGREGOR stands  
 In his strong rocky fortress, and bids the steamers land.  
 Then, reader interested, if you are eastward bound,  
 You'll cross the noble river, and where MILWAUKEE's found  
 We'll wish a pleasant tarry, and leave you safe and sound.

When, twenty years ago, we stood  
 Where now our capitol doth stand,  
 Some vague unspoken thoughts had we  
 When tiny steam craft "came to land,"  
 But dubbed a wild enthusiast then,  
 We dare not trust those thoughts to pen ;  
 Now far surpassing sanguine hopes,  
 Huge commerce's bearers "round the bend,"  
 Devoid of glaring words and tropes,  
 We note them with the lyric pen.

KAPOSIA first shall tell a story  
 Of Little Crow, in early glory,  
 When his famed "Band" dwelt on that land,  
 Nor blood was found upon his hand,  
 But seeming peace dwelt on his way,  
 None feared him but the Chippewa.  
 There did your humble servant stand,  
 On her *debut* in this fair land,

When that same chief and all his band  
 Each gave in turn a welcome hand.  
 Again, set on her upward way  
 By paddle to Immi-ja-ska,  
 Where looms our capital to-day.  
 No more the Indian hunter comes  
 With trophies to this village home,  
 No more do these to "Payment" go,<sup>(17)</sup>  
 Since minus scalp of Little Crow,  
 To grace historic rooms, we know.<sup>(16)</sup>

And RED ROCK, long the red man's shrine,  
 Has slowly wasted from its prime ;  
 Adventurers of modern day  
 Have borne it, piecemeal, far away.  
 The mission school forever done,  
 And scattered toward the setting sun,  
 But Cultivation's magic wand,  
 Has blest the labor of the hand.

Full life is pulsing rich and free,  
 And business dins right merrily,  
 And earnest masses throng "the gang,"  
 In haste to go, or haste to land,  
 Where HASTINGS, backed by region grand,  
 Has writ his name with his own hand,  
 And westward sent his iron bands  
 To bind him to Dakota land.  
 VERMILLION's path is smooth and fair,  
 Thro' flowery fields to ending there,  
 When, dashing down a wild defile,  
 Like reckless freak of petted child,



VERMILLION FALLS.

It maddens, writhes and foams in pain,  
 Then dashes off in wild disdain,  
 To lose itself in other name.

POINT DOUGLAS bluffs you with a frown  
 Of shadows, on this weeny town,  
 But smiles withal in sweet content,  
 Disclaiming every blandishment,



And *ancient* is clear written here,  
For it has seen a score of years.

We mind us when old RED WING sat  
High up the bluff, within his tent ;  
At his command, with hurrying feet,  
Poor Mrs. Red Wing came and went.  
His hunters chased the bounding deer,  
His warriors scalped the Chippewa,  
And when the wild dance song arose,  
The women were not in the play,  
But bending low beneath their load,  
They packed the fuel for the fire,  
And brought the water from the brook,  
To cook the food for lord or sire.  
His lands were sold, the chieftain donned  
His eagle plumes, and hied him then  
With willing, yet reluctant feet,  
Forever from the pale-face men.  
A wondrous bluff, a stack of hay,  
Traditionary lore doth say,  
Once floating on its downward way,  
Was bid by the Great Spirit, *stay*.  
Here Hamline University  
Unfurls its banner, broad and free,  
Endowed, and blest with ample "chair,"  
And "scholarships" created there,  
Backed by a people, noble, strong,  
Who worship God in soul and song.

The steamer's prow now treads the wave  
Where young Winona found her grave

In Pepin's waters ; if tradition's true,  
As I have heard, I'll tell the tale to you.  
Of MAIDEN ROCK, upon Wisconsin shore,  
Is tale of love, as often told before.  
The chieftain's daughter loved both wise and well,  
The symbol her's, was more than words could tell ;  
And her young warrior, bravest of the band,  
Was soon to come and claim her promised hand ;  
Then came a frown upon the father's brow,  
His speech was stern, he'd other purpose now ;  
His daughter fair should violate her troth,  
To grace the lodge of his ambitious choice.  
No power could swerve, his rigid will was law,  
No sorrow then, and none he then foresaw ;  
She calmly heard—apparent to her sire  
She yielded up her cherished heart desire ;  
And sought wild flowers to twine the bridal wreath,  
While his pet canine made the marriage *feast*.  
Around her there were envious maidens fair,  
Who wove the chaplet for her raven hair.  
Hark ! that wild song ! the death song ringing clear,  
And, doubtless, on the sudden, startled ear,  
Transfixed with awe, and mute in dire alarm,  
None interpose to stay her back from harm,  
On, on she rushes—one wild, fearful shriek—  
She clears the brow, and sinks in death's cold sleep.

Sweet Florence lives in classic song,  
But FLORENCE mine does not belong  
To foreign lands, nor foreign tongues,  
But dwells in Minne's rural home.

LAKE CITY speak, thy time has come  
 To photograph thy rural home ;  
 Speak, for a failure in our song  
 Does not to thy fair face belong ;  
 Thou'st chosen wisely for thy site  
 In Pepin's soft, refracted light ;  
 Sprites nestle in poetic shades,  
 Wild beauty lingers in the glades,  
 All nature breathes of Auld Lang Syne,  
 As picture we thy face in rhyme.  
 But not alone a pleasing face  
 We sing, but native worth and cultured grace,  
 Like sentinels to guard thy rear,  
 Uplifted views are stationed near,  
 While mirrored in this "Lake of Tears,"  
 Is all desired, excepting years.

REED'S LANDING merits here a place,  
 Where he may show his manly face ;  
 Where, looking up, without a frown,  
 The "trading post" has grown a town.  
 And monuments of taste and skill  
 Evince the elements and will,  
 Which here combine, in earnest haste,  
 To elevate the human race.

Rich Indian names ! so let them live,  
 Redeeming from the ancient past  
 The disappearing monuments  
 Oblivion is merging fast,  
 Here, nestled quiet, 'mid the hills  
 Of grandeur, now sits WABASHAW ;

His chieftain hand no scepter bears,  
 His regal head no coronet wears.  
 Acknowledged power he wields him here,  
 More potent than the sword or spear,  
 For Justice, walking hand in hand,  
 With his exalted sister band,  
 In moral dignity and might,  
 Now wields a scepter for the right ;  
 And Wabashaw must stand confest  
 The chieftain still, in manliness.

MOUNT VERNON ! what embodiment  
 Of sentiment is herein blent !  
 Tho' great the theme, too small the space  
 For glory, in the present race.

And MINNEISKA, on our way,  
 We'll cheer with song another day,  
 When Templar's banner is unfurled,  
 And Whiskey no more rules the world.

And FOUNTAIN CITY, small we know,  
 Has ample room and time to grow,  
 As others, past in this review,  
 Which may an upward course pursue,  
 And rise to greatness in their way,  
 And make their mark another day.

WINONA fair doth queen it there,  
 Beside the kingly river,  
 And wears on her brow the regal crown  
 Which Common Consent did give her,



With head erect and fawn-like step,  
 She moves in her daily duties,  
 And woos the fair by her winning air,  
 Her native and cultured beauties.  
 Tho' she is not vain, it is very plain,  
 She takes great pains with her toilet,  
 And always is drest in her rich Sunday best,  
 For mud, rain or snow will not spoil it.  
 Of accomplishments rare ; it is not unfair,  
 That like any maid in her teens,  
 We accord her just pride, as we sit by her side,  
 And list to the days she has seen.  
 When in her own seat, the red men did meet,  
 And their council fire blazed on the sky,  
 Or he smoked his red pipe in dim council light,  
 With the LAND which his lands were to buy.  
 He went, and she came and took up the name  
 The chieftain's first daughter had wore,  
 Then bound in her hair the garlands as fair  
 As the Indian maiden before ;  
 A temple she built, to her honor and praise,  
 Then beckoned the youth of the land  
 To feast at her shrine, on Learning's high wine,  
 From the goblet she holds in her hand.  
 With river and rail, will Winona not fail  
 To continue the queen of the towns,  
 And with her high dome, where her "Philoms"  
     will come,  
 She will merit and still wear the crown.

Granted we've had a pleasant time  
 Upon the noble steamer line,



NORMAL SCHOOL, WINONA.



HIGH SCHOOL, WINONA.

Where towering bluffs do rise sublime,  
Or stretch abroad in landscape fine.  
Now come, my friend, and *ride the rail*,  
Here, winding thro' the darkened dales.  
Deep awe inspires the soul and song,  
While Grandeur marks the way along ;  
The work of brains and muscles make  
These dark defiles with commerce quake ;  
Obstructions from their pathway flies  
Before enlightened enterprise.  
Now, steaming into open day,  
We whiz along a cultured way,  
And STOCKTON pass with scarce a word,  
But *rest* us where ST. CHARLES has stirred  
The fertile soil, and set him down  
With firm resolve, to *build a town*,  
And shows us what *resolve* can do,  
By what he here sets forth to view ;  
His household is a noble band,  
The cream and honey of all lands,  
What bone and muscle fails to do,  
His brains and heart will give to you,  
And ripening, in his well earned pride,  
Accords just dues to all beside.

The West ! O the West ! what a glorious land  
For the strong, willing worker, the earnest young man ;  
The stamp of his being he engraves in the soil,  
And speedily reaps the reward of his toil.  
Fair South Minnesota, we greet you in song,  
This home of the red man, not long years ago ;  
And words are unmeaning, compared to the sight



Of culture successful, on left hand and right.  
 On hill and in valley the school houses stand,  
 Precursors of hope for this rising young land ;  
 And sweet rural hamlets are set in the glen,  
 With nobility writ on the faces of men.  
 The pure crystal stream gushes forth from the hill,  
 And the air is life's nectar, which some quack might fill  
 Into bottles, and peddle in lieu of his pills.  
 The farms are broad aced, and garners replete  
 And all overflowing with the great staple, *wheat*.  
 On " hills a thousand " the fat cattle feed,  
 And prance on the highway the high mettled steed.  
 In such region as this is famed CHATFIELD set down ;  
 'Mid fairy hills nestles its ancient young town ;  
 Which we think will not blush when we speak of her age,  
 Like the coquettish miss or the *doubtful* young maid,  
 Tho' a unit or two we must add to a decade.  
 Of the hands that have founded—the aims and the ends,  
 Their works speak in volumes, the doings of them,  
 And we look to the spires that point up to the sky,  
 Reminders of life, when the body shall die.  
 The mites and the trifles composing our State,  
 Unite in a whole to become very great,  
 And we say that no people live under the sun  
 Achieving in youth what young Minnie's have done.

Next comes EYOTA in review—

In mental cultivation,  
 She merits praise from me and you,  
 Has won our admiration ;  
 For earnest hands and cultured hearts  
 Impel the mighty lever,



HIGH SCHOOL, ROCHESTER.

Which in each noble enterprise,  
Enrich the world forever.

The whispering pines sang "lullaby,"  
The red man caught the plaintive strain,  
And to the purling river spake,  
The soft embodiment in name.  
The land was fair, and nature smiled  
In richness and variety ;  
And birds of air, joined in full choir  
With Zumbro's concert melody.  
Then railroad track must needs efface  
The comeliness and native grace  
Of "Section No. ——" blank,  
And then like Topsy, of *immortal* fame,  
There "grew" a town pre-eminent in reign  
On all *this* river bank.  
The dew of youth is jeweled on his brow,  
And health and beauty twine their chaplet now,  
While ROCHESTER doth make a manly bow.  
It did not make itself, we know,  
But *being* made, it made itself *to grow*,  
Till lofty towers their shadows cast afar,  
Its coming future, grand as morning star.  
There's moral strength and purpose in such walls,  
And innate power, in Learning's princely halls,  
A glorious lighthouse, seen by all the land,  
And object lesson, rich, sublime and grand,  
And strange as true, to distant vision seems  
When Rochester's just entered on his teens.

Sweet BYRON, we love thee ; as good as thou'st fair,



So garlands we'll twine in thy bright, golden hair,  
 But thy spire rings thy praise more distinctly than  
     rhyme,  
 And all thy surroundings are in richness, sublime.  
 We have roamed o'er the prairies, plucked th' rose in  
     the glen,  
 Where Content sat a guest in the dwellings of men ;  
 And Plenty's abundance was groaning with pain,  
 Where the region was shorn of its rich, yielding grain ;  
 As yet has no region these mortal eyes blest,  
 To rival in richness where young Byron doth rest.

Next, KASSON is in order, a live town, by the way,  
 Tho' like a mushroom risen, it falls not in a day ;  
 Of "Happy New Years" *trio*, is all it yet has seen,  
 But church and school are casting their shadows on the  
     green.

All o'er these fair prairies, light of these temples gleam,  
 And moral sheaves are gathered, where Learning's ban-  
     ners stream.

Has any State so youthful, so rich in blessings been ?  
 No, never one, no never, *if* so we *dinna ken*.

God made the country, and man made the town,  
 And rich perfection all His efforts crown ;  
 Uplifted here, that those afar must raise  
 The eye-glass high, to see the land I praise.  
 To leave the "track" where Zumbro winds along,  
 Is proof convincing that there's truth in song ;  
 A fairer landscape, or of finer mould,  
 Greet not the eye, nor feasts the hungry soul.

"All that doth glitter is not gold,"  
 Some worldly wise man said of old ;  
*Nor is all fair that seemeth so ;*  
 Full well this truism we know.  
 But the diamond's glow will not depart,  
 Nor virtue from the pure in heart.  
 On this young maiden's regal brow  
 A rural gem is sparkling now,  
 Its lustre will forever glow ;  
 'Tis innate in its wealth, we know,  
 This modest pearl is richly set  
 In Minnesota's coronet.  
 Then doff your hats, and make a bow,  
 'Tis MANTORVILLE I'm singing now,  
 Where Nature stretched his all perfecting wand,  
 And magic Art has writ her name thereon,  
 Where Justice's dome is high enthroned<sup>(18)</sup>  
     Upon her lofty brow,  
 And Learning's fane and altars pure,  
     Do guard it well, we trow.  
 With all to make thee what thou art,  
 With manly strength, with woman's part<sup>(19)</sup>  
     Life's drama to enact.  
 A brilliant record thine may be,  
 In noble deeds and purity.

Where WASIOJA in seclusion stands,  
 A noble structure crowns the rolling land,  
 O'erlooking all, and set in emerald frame,  
 And gives to it both character and fame,  
 Now there's no need that we its praises sing,  
 For "GROVELAND SCHOOL" doth its own praises ring.

No prophet's pen is needed now to trace  
 The future status of the rising race,  
 Since Learning's banner, nobly is unfurled,  
 'Twill sway a sceptre o'er the coming world ;  
 And Truth and Wisdom, ringing from the steeple,  
 Attest the stuff of Wasioja people.

Where granite boulders lift their shining heads,  
 And thunder crash resounds from peak to peak,  
 A race of men and noble women dwelt,  
 Whose efforts now for Minnesota speak.  
 Broad-acred farms outstretch the aching eye,  
 And fronting miles on "Clermont street" they lie ;  
 And RICE LAKE hamlet makes a picture fair,  
 Finales this chapter with a marriage there,<sup>(20)</sup>  
 As sacred still as when the heavenly guest  
 The Cana feast His sacred presence blest.

DODGE CENTRE and young CLERMONT are stationed on the  
 track,  
 Dare not despise their youngness, nor turn thereon the  
 back,  
 Important in position, important in their way,  
 They'll rise to more importance at no far distant day,  
 Where trains from fair Winona rush to Mankato's door,  
 To sweep the rich abundance from Minnesota's floor.

Just stopping for cross purposes, where OWATONNA lives,  
 Dash on in steaming prowess, thro' the region just reprieved  
 From bands of strolling savages, and Nature's unkempt  
 wild,  
 To Minnesota's youngest and most precocious child:

The field was ripe ; the reapers went their way,  
 And brought their sheaves, when night besieged the day ;  
 The owner smiled, well pleased with his rich store ;  
 His barns were full—where should he garner more.  
 But ere the thought had clothed itself in sound,  
 The dashing steam horse rushed upon the ground,  
 And in a trice, with his strong, iron will,  
 The grist was *bagged*, and steaming off to mill.  
 O wondrous land ! O enterprise of man,  
 Expanding here, in God's eternal plan !  
 His servants we to do His righteous will,  
 Unknown to us, His purpose to fulfil !

No more that soil shall moisten, to swell the trusted grain,  
 No more the sheaf and binder be found upon that plain,  
 For ere another spring time, a quick'ning seed was sown—  
 WASECA had arisen, and to importance grown ;  
 And He who folds the lambkins safe in His ample breast,  
 Has care that all His children safe in His fold shall rest.  
 And hearts from off the altar, touched with the sacred  
 flame,

Now bring the gospel message to this city of the plain.  
 Already has uprisen walls to the Maker's praise,  
 And young hearts are instructed to walk in Wisdom's ways.  
 Grow on, young prairie maiden, and be thy life as bright  
 As the crystal lakes beside thee, or the cloudless moonlit  
 night.

Precocious child of *promise* ! let none despise thy youth,  
 And as thy form developes, grow strong for right and  
 truth.

Where the glad'ning sunlight nestled,  
 Where all Nature's beauty slept,



Unrevealed to cultured vision,  
 Where the savage wailed and wept,  
 When his son or sire had given  
 To the spirit world his breath,  
 Find we now a glorious region,  
 Sunny side of Minne's face,  
 Wearing tokens of advancement,  
 Stately in her quiet grace,  
 And up-sprung like magic wonders  
 Are her little hamlets, set  
 By the side of lake and streamlet,  
 Like a glittering coronet,  
 Making all the region gleeful  
 With the busy worker's hand,  
 And rich Plenty smile triumphant  
 Over all this glorious land ;  
 As the sun-eyed bird of heaven  
 Dashes down upon the plain,  
 Gleaning from the ripened grain fields  
 What of reaper's work remains ;  
 So, midway upon the prairie,  
 WILTON took determined stand ;  
 Winning, by its rural beauty,  
 Meting Justice to the land ;  
 What tho' the iron horse in transit,  
 Passes it unheeded by,  
 There is still a worthy record ;  
 Worthy deeds are writ on high.

And JANESVILLE calls attention  
 To his uprisen brow,  
 For the fiery steed is neighing  
 On his tympanum just now.

Upon the fields of new-mown hay the August sunlight  
 shone,  
 And from broad-acred grain fields the reapers were all  
 gone,  
 The breeze was soft and balmy, the groves were full of  
 song,  
 All nature smiled delighted, where the BLUE EARTH glides  
 along.  
 Glare of the red man's council fire scarce faded from the  
 sky,  
 When garden farms, in culture, outbound the straining  
 eye.  
 Proud monarchs, all supreme in right, reign worthy lords  
 of soil,  
 And Plenty pours its treasures rich into the lap of all.  
 A century's advancement is stamped upon the way,  
 Tho' to these noble workers it seemeth but a day,  
 Since by the prairie teepee, or in the forest shade,  
 The young Dakota warrior here wooed his dusky maid.  
 Then came that fearful war-whoop, which we before have  
 sung,  
 Laid waste the smiling grain fields, and desolated homes.  
 The farm house by the way side, the school house by the  
 same,  
 In taste and sterling comfort, now ornament the plain ;  
 Our Father's hand directing, His councils guiding men,  
 Has bade this sin-cursed Eden to smile in joy again.

"What's in a name?" we asked us, when first the vision  
 fell  
 On youthful GARDEN CITY, and her environing hills.  
 Our heart responsive echoed unto the mystic spell,

In quiet garden beauty of which no pen can tell ;  
 The church and school house risen in noble, stately pride,  
 The merry school-bell calling from grove and river side,  
 Attest the moral status, the stamina and will,  
 Of those whom God has chosen His purpose to fulfil.

NEW ULM ! what bitter lessons of savage ire and hate,  
 Was taught in that dark conflict, which sealed thy bitter  
                   fate ;

The Father may have chosen, in hidden mercy here,  
 To crush the infidelity of the foreign pioneer.  
 It was a more than panic—a causeless rage and doom,  
 That spilt the precious life-blood, and wrapped the land  
                   in gloom,

For sweeping desolation, in terror and alarm,  
 Drove all the border settlers from hamlet and from farm,  
 Where RED WOOD drank the vengeance of that destruc-  
                   tive raid,

And in that one brief morning, were scores of orphans  
                   made.

Nor yet at YELLOW MEDICINE was the cruel blow withheld,  
 Where least it was expected, it there most surely fell.  
 A thousand beating pulses in that brief day were stilled ;  
 With the wail of homeless childhood was the chilling night  
                   air filled ;

TEN THOUSAND panic stricken ones, were fleeing here and  
                   there,

To escape the murderous savages, who were lurking every-  
                   where.

And oh ! the dark besieging of brave FORT RIDGELY then,  
 With hundreds of worn fugitives and half an hundred men,  
 For seven weary days and nights the balls like hailstones  
                   fell,

And many a savage bit the dust in his last earthly yell.  
 What joy boomed from the parapet, when bristling bay-  
                   nets rose

Upon the long-strained vision—precursor of repose ;  
 With inner valor mated, the siege was sure to close.  
 Now SHETAK's placid waters have happy homes thereby,  
 But sing a mournful requiem, where the murdered victims  
                   lie.<sup>(21)</sup>

And, scattered o'er the prairie, oft bleaching bones are seen,  
 Reminders of the slaughter of those inhuman fiends.  
 No more the savage war-whoop is ringing on the air,  
 No more the horrid scalp-dances debase this region fair,  
 Uprisen from these ashes, now phenix-like, we see  
 A strong, God-fearing people dwell in security.

As we have seen, years have been but a score,  
 Since Indian paddle, or the trapper's oar,  
 Alone had dipped, or touched along the shore ;

Where, hiding in the shadows,

    In coquettish pride,

Or blinking in the sunlight,

    The Minnesota glides ;

Turning, squirming, twisting,

    Like a tortured snake,

Trying to run in *itself*,

    Or be like twisted cake.

The steam horse now outstripping

    The *pata-watah's* way,

Triumphantly is neighing

    Along this vale to-day ;

Stops where the "waters mingle,"

    And the railroads meet,



Exchanging salutations  
 At FORT SNELLING's feet,  
 Prancing o'er the prairie,  
 On an Indian trail,  
 Bo-peep, with the river  
 Playing, on the rail.  
 Screaming to the cattle  
 Which are on the track,  
 Ringing at the crossings—  
 Sometimes running back ;  
 Whin'ing thro' the grain fields,  
 Snuffing fragrant hay,  
 And for water stopping,  
 On his steaming way.  
 Puffing thro' the woodlands,  
 Be they green or brown,  
 Rattling over bridges,  
 Whistling into town ;  
 Now this is very pleasant,  
 In this pleasant vale,  
 Writing up its beauties,  
 Riding on a rail.

Old SHAKOPEE, the crafty, lying chief,  
 Long reigned supreme, his heart knew not a grief,  
 Until he saw the white man's town begun,  
 When he moved onward toward the setting sun ;  
 But in the christ'ning, lo, his mantle fell !  
 Survives his name, as those unborn shall tell ;  
 The steam horse, dashing in his wild career,  
 Now "clears the track," but stops for breathing here.

A hundred New-Year's mornings came,  
 A hundred old years died,  
 Since CARVER's restless paddle  
 Dipped this sky-tinted tide.

Thro' all these years, suns rose and set  
 On all this loveliness,  
 Still was it left for us to see  
 In primal youthfulness.

His sturdy namesake welcomes  
 The iron horse to-day,  
 And claims a distant tribute,  
 As it dashes on its way.

With restless footsteps, ever  
 By river side, again  
 Impatient to be greeted  
 By the comely maid, BELLE PLAINE.

No marvel this, for she is sweetly fair  
 And dignified, with unassuming air,  
 An emerald wreath encircles her fair brow ;  
 In native grace she is maturing now,  
 A fairer maid grooms not the reeking horse,  
 Or soothes more gently in his headlong course,  
 Nor can she fail, in her bewitching grace,  
 To woo the worthy to her fond embrace ;  
 And, basking in the sunlight of the same,  
 May peace and love be ever thine, BELLE PLAINE.

Now comes aquatic HENDERSON,  
 Deep in the forest shade,  
 With ample room and business air,  
 In ample streets displayed.

LESUEUR, we greet you, on your sunny slope,  
 Thy base secure, thy future big with hope !  
 We saw thee once, a claimant's cabin, all  
 To mark thy being on this earthly ball.  
 And yet again, ere many suns went down,  
 A strange assurance in a risen town,  
 Blest enterprise ! what crowns of glory thou  
 Hast placed upon this youthful maiden's brow !  
 A sacred trust to every hand is given  
 Which aids the structure ; be it built for heaven,  
 To you, to me, to each, to every one,  
 Is the behest to add a well-carved stone,  
 To beautify this column, that shall rise  
 Complete and perfect when it reach the skies,  
 When hand divine shall add the crowning stone,  
 And welcome each with the applaud, "well done."

Fair OTTAWA ! bright prairie gem,  
 In rural beauty sits a queen,  
 Unenvious, the works of man  
 Where only hand of Art is seen.

In this most fair creation, none  
 Was fairer seen beneath the sun  
 Than which ST. PETER early chose,  
 And always drest in "Sunday clothes."  
 Too oft the maiden fair and vain,

Regardless of a worthy name,  
 With folded hands and meant disclaim,  
 Will fail to live on scroll of Fame.  
 But ripened head and cultured heart  
 Will share in all great plans a part,  
 Enstamp the seal of Enterprise,  
 And make a record for the skies.  
 No false afflatus, luring with its guile,  
 No baneful greed, entrapping with a smile

The reasoning mind is God's great boon to man,  
 By which He works His ever wonderous plan,  
 With pitying heart we turn the eye away  
 When Reason has deserted its tenement of clay.  
 With noble zeal, munificence of State  
 Has built a home for these unfortunates.  
 Now stately walls of the ASYLUM rise,  
 A tower of strength to crown this enterprise,  
 And kindly nursed, as on his mother's breast,  
 The maniac here in quietude may rest.

We pause, to sorrow's sacred tribute ; here  
 A chaplet wreath for its late overseer ;  
 Not in the battle's din, he fell ;  
 Not from the heights of fame ;  
 Not in the race for gold, did he.  
 But worth had writ his name  
 Among the good and true,  
 And sacredly embalmed  
 Is memory's review.  
 He fell in manhood's strength,  
 When manhood's hopes were high,



When wedded love's bright morning sun  
 Rode in a cloudless sky ;  
 He fell at duty's post, and yet  
 Pure life can never die,  
 When his life's lamp went out on earth  
 'Twas re-lit in the sky.

KASOTA craves no mention ;  
 But being true to all,  
 Upon the Valley Railroad,  
 We give him a brief call.

As Neptune, sea-god, rose from out the deep,  
 Threw up the land by one tremendous leap,  
 Has rose from earth a marvel of a town,  
 And gone ahead to national renown ;  
 In vigorous growth, in healthful active life,  
 MANKATO's palm is victor in the strife,  
 Connecting link between the old and new,  
 An outpost once, well worthy our review,  
 And stirring scenes upon the wild frontier,  
 Pressed to thy door, may well have record here.  
 The savage war-whoop ringing in the air,  
 The panic stricken, fleeing every where,  
 And terror quick'ning every heart pulse then,  
 Sent wild dismay where only joy had been.  
 Then hundreds came their sympathy to claim,  
 And proved most clear it was not all a name.  
 A safe retreat, a blest asylum then  
 This hamlet was, to wounded, dying men,  
 Who fled the bullet of the savage rage,  
 Which mercy showed no sex, nor yet to age.

Jehovah reigned—stern retribution came—  
 Their vile work done, they suffer for the same.  
 No moistened eye did pitying sorrow tell,  
 When Justice reigned, and the mammoth gallows fell,  
 More satisfaction to an outraged State,  
 Had hundreds swung, instead of THIRTY-EIGHT.  
 "To err is human," but at Mercy's feet  
 To lay the wrong, is victory complete.

But mark the contrast 'tween the "then and now,"  
 This water-nymph, with head erect, and brow<sup>(22)</sup>  
 Of lofty mould and cultured element of thought  
 Enthroned thereon, has magic wonders wrought ;  
 A healthful life pulse quickens every vein,  
 Inspiring breezes energize her frame ;  
 Elysian fields, from savage ire reclaimed,  
 Far westward stretching o'er the boundless plain,  
 The rich abundance of their products, pour  
 From wealth of soil, upon her well-swept floor.  
 The greedy steam horse "fat and sleek" on grain,  
 Is dashing onward with his burdened train,  
 And "clears the track," on savage warrior's trail,  
 Whose "whoop" no more sends terror thro' the vale ;  
 And Plenty smiles upon her path to-day,  
 And Learning's beams shed gladness on the way,  
 And walls arise, attesting Him who said,  
 "In pastures green shall be My people led."  
 While homes of taste, in sylvan shades abound,  
 And lights and shadows blend in strange compound,  
 Strong-headed statesman going from their door,  
 Made treason tremble on the Senate floor,<sup>(23)</sup>  
 And taught the world, as fearless effort can,  
 "The proper study of mankind is man."

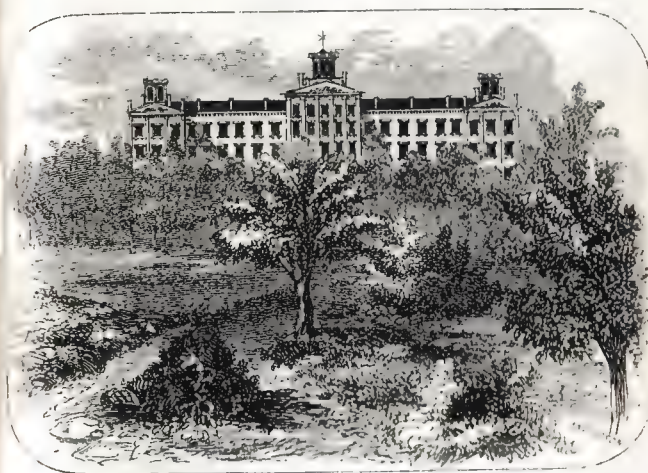
What fairy-like music steals up from the dell,  
In Nature's soft chime, where the cataract fell !  
A banquet is spread, and the table is free,  
And invites to the feast at MINNEOPEE.



ST. ANTHONY IN 1856.

"When morning stars together sang,"  
And forest trees did clap their hands,  
St. ANTHONY leaped downward then,  
And shouted forth a glad "amen!"  
Thro' rise and fall of empires great,  
And all the ages dark of man,  
In rich, sonorous melody,  
Unknown, unnoticed, still it sang.

Then HENNEPIN, inscribed his name  
Upon the fairy island there,  
Where seething waters hissed and foamed,  
As safeguard to the island pair.  
There sped another century on  
When CARVER quaffed a soul-full joy,  
As he stood by th' foaming cataract,  
With Nature's feast, his soul's employ.



STATE UNIVERSITY, ST. ANTHONY.

Another still had well nigh gone  
When Enterprise sprang westward, ho,  
And spoiled their beauty by his touch ;  
And this *just twenty years ago*.  
Swift saws were set, a town uprose,  
And Progress scathed the fairy isle,



But still the same glad song is sung  
 By day, more pensive in the evening while.  
 A full fledged State, born in a day,  
 Here reared its UNIVERSITY,  
 Where chalice, cool, from ancient schools,  
 Flows from the root of Knowledge's Tree ;  
 And lesser lights, to their own praise,  
 Bestow it cheerfully and *free*.  
 The hygienist finds ample scope  
 For his most sanguinary hopes,  
 And lover finds him well repaid  
 Be object, nature, man, or maid,  
 By strolling thro' the "Lover's Lair,"  
 Or resting in the "Lover's Chair,"  
 Where "Bridal Veil's" refracted light,  
 Imparts the crowning joy to sight.  
 The PINERIES have wealth in store,  
 Their treasures floated to his door ;  
 Mechanic arts, pressed on by steam,  
 Here gorge the great throat of the stream.

Of fairy isles, fair NICOLLET  
 Is fairest of the fair ;  
 If home on earth the *soul* could find  
 Methinks it would be there.

Avaunt ! ye prosy railroad cars !  
 Blow off your crazy steam !  
 Allow *one* little poet's nook  
 In all this busy scene !

HYGIAN HOME, ST. ANTHONY.



Not listen, ah ! now steam is up,  
 Shakes with defiant tread,  
 Recluse from out his solitude,  
 And breaks the poet's thread ;  
 But cannot shake SUSPENSION BRIDGE  
 From its foundation core,  
 Which wires the well-tamed cataract  
 From isle to western shore.

A gentle streamlet, fair to see,  
 In name a contrariety,  
 Flows thro' a region fair as he  
 To merge its ideality  
 In the great king of rivers, all  
 Which beautify this mundane ball.  
 Where the last drop of RUM is drained  
 ANOKA rose upon the plain,  
 To make "the wilderness rejoice,"  
 In echoes of commercial voice ;  
 The desert like "the rose to bloom,"  
 Where Silence ages dwelt in gloom ;  
 A healthful child of vigorous frame,  
 Astride the streamlet—(hence the name ;)<sup>(24)</sup>  
 In all of moral worth and might  
 With cautious step is moving right,  
 And enterprise of every name  
 Has made a most successful claim ;  
 And Law and Justice claim the right  
 To add their own refractive light.  
 The serpent, with the hydra-head,  
 Here finds no *coiling* room 'tis said.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE,





While schools and churches take the prize,  
Anoka 'll win the palm, and rise,  
And make a record for the skies  
In every moral enterprise.

ITASKA *lumbers* on the way,  
May speak, mayhap another day ;  
And DAYTON, in his easy chair,  
Gloats on Nature's sumptuous fare,  
But with an ample wealth of soil  
Metes rich reward to *honest* toil.

What boots thy unpoetic name,  
ELK RIVER, we respect thy claim  
To work, and win thy way to fame.  
With head erect and antlers strong,  
Thou'lt boldly push thy way along,  
Far more substantially than song.

Bright ORONO, of modest face,  
Has sought a quiet resting place,  
And stepped aside from railroad din  
That more pretentious ones may win.

I stood in an old "claim cabin,"  
West of the mighty stream ;  
From that uplifted relic,  
Surveyed the majestic scene  
Of woodlands vast, and prairies,  
In Nature's parks and lawns,  
Where took MONTICELLO his station  
At Minnie's early dawn.

As the sun rode up in the heavens  
He blest the rising town,  
Where Cheerfulness glowed at the hearth-stone,  
And Contentment had set him down.  
Farms stretched to the east and the westward,  
To the south and the northward away,  
And the clear blue vault of the heavens,  
Made Winter as charming as May ;  
And the air was life's balmy elixir,  
So pure and so bracing and free,  
That the heyday of youth and vigor  
Was bounding in ecstasy.  
The frost-king had walked forth at night time,  
Wrought the trees into white coral spray,  
Like diamonds, in visions of beauty,  
Gleamed each jeweled branch by the way ;  
White beauty enrobed the whole earth scene,  
And beauty was hung in the sky,  
And smiled on the pleasant surroundings,  
Where this staid rural hamlet doth lie ;  
And we saw, by the high dome of Science  
And the symbol in sky-piercing steeple,  
That Nature's great nobles were workers  
With an earnest and God-fearing people.

Where the life-pulse is free, and the waters run clear,  
And the whistle of commerce rings shrill on the ear ;  
With kind hand extended, now stands a fair daughter,  
Arrayed in sweet smiles, and her name is CLEARWATER ;  
Not bold nor presuming, she claims but her right,  
And holds up her head, not afraid of the light,  
No need that she should be, her record is clear,

And why should she care for a brilliant career ;  
To virtue alone should our homage be paid,  
And here at her shrine shall our off'ring be laid.

Now bend low the ear, as we list to the strain  
Of Nature's soft anthems, borne over the plain,  
For the jargon of commerce is harsh and severe,  
And the rough notes of discord now grate on the ear ;  
High up in the nation ST. CLOUD took his stand,  
No rival successful in all that northland ;  
He wraps him in furs when the stern winter comes  
And revels when gone in his sweet rural homes.  
Around him the footprints of enterprise are,  
And his larder is blest with enough and to spare ;  
To the west and the northward his far-reaching arms  
Have built the "claim cabins," have "fenced in" the farms.  
Tho' still unbelieving, the East and the South,  
We accord them the *right* our assertions to *doubt* ;  
But *facts* are not *fancies*, statistics will show  
The annual produce exported "below ;"  
And to-day in her glory St. Cloud stands confest  
The centre of trade for Minnesota northwest.

"Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe  
The *steam horse* puffs and raves,  
And city lots are staked and *sold*,  
Above old Indian graves."

Most northern which our nation knows  
The tireless steam horse comes and goes,  
In summer bloom or winter snows,  
To revel in SAUK RAPIDS' shades,  
As fair as southern everglades.

Poetic beauty here combines  
With priceless wealth of granite mines ;  
Creative skill has set his seal  
Of greatness, on the opening field  
For Enterprise ; far-reaching aims  
Laid broad and deep, will rise and claim  
A tribute from a diamond pen,  
Long ere the present sees the end ;  
Now all in all the world must see  
This State's a youthful prodigy.

We have seen much, and much unseen remains,  
Which stretching o'er the rich Sauk Valley plain,  
With magic stride is entering "into claim."  
And this we know, far up in this north land,  
The Catholic seat of Learning stands  
On basis broad, with deep laid aims and plans,  
And ST. JO guards it with his fostering hand,  
And LITTLE FALLS, with no obstructions bound,  
Has "made his mark," and spread himself around ;  
And westward still SAUK CENTRE rose to tell,  
What others have, they can do just as well ;  
Scarce one year old, church spires had risen, four,  
In hotel line, none have surpassed before,  
And centre of a broad outstretching trade,  
Smiles in the fact of princely fortune made.  
FAIR HAVEN, centre of a rural trade ;  
And PRINCETON lumbers in the forest's shade ;  
And GLENCOE's surely not unknown to fame,  
For "Glencoe Bank" had once a *famous* name ;<sup>(25)</sup>  
But personalities we will refrain,  
Tho' self was legion with the failure pain.



Now noble walls to noble cause,  
 Perpetuate a worthy name,  
 And tell the world more clear than I  
 The record it will make for fame.  
 The "Granite State" engrafted strong  
 Its elements in soul and song,  
 And HUTCHINSON here made his choice,  
 And thrilled the air with music's voice ;  
 And sweetly wafted o'er the plain  
 Are harmonies of world-wide fame.  
 And FOREST CITY, old and strong,  
 Has sought no notice in our song,  
 No flattery craves, no censure fears,  
 But boasts a half a score of years.  
 And thus and thus our work might be,  
 Continued to infinity ;  
 But turn we our delighted eyes  
 To other routes with same surprise.

Where first the plow upheaved the sod  
 In all this plowed domain,  
 Where first the hammer's click, and saw  
 To Comfort's dwelling came ;  
 Now farms mature and homes of taste  
 Utilize the Delta's waste.  
 NEWPORT and COTTAGE GROVE demand  
 A prominence in farming land ;  
 OAK DALE and WOODBURY unite,  
 To dignify their rural sight ;  
 And AFTON, in his rustic glen,  
 Shall have a chance to speak again.  
 But Cottage Grove was *first* to rise,

In agricultural enterprise,  
 To enter largely into "claims,"  
 And spread itself in farming fame ;  
 The muscle of New England hills,  
 With brains combined, the soil to till,  
 And they have wrought achievement grand,  
 And been an honor to the land ;  
 Nobility has stamped its seal  
 Indelibly upon this field,  
 And schools and country spires attest  
 A cultured people, richly blest.

"The last shall be first, and the first shall be last,"  
 Sweet vale of ST. CROIX ! the first in the past,  
 Where the axe of the woodman *first* rung a death knell  
 To forests primeval on hill and in dell ;  
 The *first* to bid Solitude flee from his lair,  
 And by his own fire set the lumberman's chair ;  
 All honor be given to whom it is due,  
 As we pass up thy banks in rhythmic review.

AFTON ! sweet Afton, in poetic shades,  
 With smile as bewitching as sensible maid !  
 The rough, southing winds cannot ruffle her brow,  
 And the magnet of Love is her hidden power now.  
 Unrest and unreal have never yet come  
 To drive blest Content from her Eden-like home,  
 And the dark, subtle worm from the maddening still,  
 The people have crushed with a oneness of will.  
 Around and about this sequestered nook,  
 The pioneer farms might fill a big book,  
 And live shall the fact that the very first ground

Furrowed for farm was in its fair bounds,<sup>(26)</sup>  
 Now to the blest shrine of Religion and Lore,  
 Fair-temples to each throw a wide-open door ;  
 While, away to the future, we stretch our glad eyes,  
 And mind us the motto, *small things not despise*.  
 Contrast the rude hovel, if you please, reader mine,  
 With these walls academic, innately sublime,  
 And say if such progress in years but a score,  
 Religion and Science have made heretofore ?

LAKELAND, with his sunny face,  
 In calm content and quiet grace  
 Uprose, as from the prairie sod,  
 And lifted up its spires toward God,  
 Which send their shadows o'er the lake  
 To HUDSON, in a sister State ;  
 Tho' he now yields the palm to him,  
 Has room and time to work and win.  
 The picture fair, from such uprisen stand,  
 Evokes from soul—" Ah, 'tis a landscape grand,"  
 But grander far, out-driven from his door,  
 The upas serpent comes thereto no more !  
 Let it be *told* in circles far and near,  
 In golden letters *written* large and clear,  
 The " flowing bowl " is not o'erflowing here.

In all the glorious sisterhood of towns  
 On prairie born, or in the vale, set down  
 By water course, or haughty hill top's crown,  
 Was STILLWATER, the *first* to gain renown.  
 In childhood nestled, (like a youthful brood,  
 Beneath the parent wing, as fledglings would,)

In evening shadows of majestic length ;  
 Then climbed the bluff with its increasing strength,  
 And graved the fact in adamant rock,  
 That *will is might*, and par its valued stock.  
 He casts his spires in the pelucid lake,  
 And pleasure drives in primal forests take ;  
 To crime-dyed men, his duty to the State,  
 Till Justice's served, admits of no escape,  
 Securely locks the Penitentiary gate,

The frith is passed, and upward bound,  
 We next are at MARINE set down,  
 Where *first* was set the noisy saw,  
 Before St. Croix was crossed by Law.  
 From here, the first log in the race  
 Went forth to seek a dwelling place ;  
 Was year by year the faithful slave  
 Of *every* board in cabin raised.  
 Of pioneers thou art the type,  
 In thy reticence from thy rights.  
 With heart still young, fresh courage take,  
 You'll live in record of the State.

Where Nature has drafted his wildest design  
 And risen majestic, imposing, sublime,  
 In merriest freak, or in madcap career,  
 THE DALLES of St. Croix have engraven it clear.  
 Wild grandeur is towering above and around,  
 And the soul is uplifted in awe most profound,  
 Sweet beauty is clinging, with trembling fear,  
 To the clefts of the rocks, where it blooms every year ;  
 And the voice of the waters, like strong souging winds



Which walk forth at night with the mighty storm king.  
 Here TAYLOR'S FALLS hamlet set foot on the rock,  
 Determined to make it desirable stock ;  
 So he vied with the waters in music of saw  
 Six whole days in seven, " according to law ;"  
 He worked with a will, and he dressed very neat,  
 While the clear boiling waters leaped up to his feet,  
 Then plunging and tumbling and lifting the spray,  
 Huge rocks stood aghast, and then opened the way,  
 Where eddies are whirling 'tween high walls to-day.  
 Now we say as we hinted, in first of the song,  
 Description does not to the subject belong ;  
 And where God has spoken, in accents so clear,  
 Man's words are but weakness, and die on the ear.

Where blue SUPERIOR rolls his mighty flood,  
 And lifts the soul from Nature to its God ;  
 Where grand old forests reverently bow,  
 Earth's deep hid treasures, are unearthing now  
 From wiered caverns and from rocky stores,  
 In iron, copper, and rich golden ores ;  
 While sturdy crafts begirt the deep-bayed strand  
 To give them convoy to less favored lands.  
 And iron bands—" Superior and St. Paul ;"  
 Ere long will greet them in a morning call,  
 Then the great River and the mighty Lake  
 In nuptial bands, will serve the wedding cake.

The last of all, but much to bring success  
 In railroad line, in this railroading West,  
 The air-line route—" Chicago and St. Paul,"  
 By short'ning distance, precedents them all.

We now have pilgrimaged our glorious State,  
 And record made of towns both small and great,  
 Yet much's unsaid, and many towns remain  
 Unsung ; we're back to th' home nest again—  
 Back whence we went on rhyming exploration—  
 Back to the seat of chronic Legislation ;  
 The SAINTLY CITY, where extremes do meet,  
 Where Truth will sometimes crouch at Error's feet,  
 Where Good and Evil strangely intermix,  
 Where Right and Wrong are in the same prefix,  
 Where Social Joys, exalted or low born,  
 Are negatived upon the same platform.

Let us look at what it has been,  
 What it is and what it shall be,  
 Working up its sterling metal,  
 Seeing it as yet we shall see.  
 Beautiful of situation,  
 " At the head of navigation,"  
 Born with little expectation,  
 At the head of navigation,  
 Bred in noble aspirations,  
 At the head of navigation,  
 Restless in severe taxation ;  
 Making " HOMES " for " poor relations,"<sup>(27)</sup>  
 At the head of navigation,  
 Mart of trade with foreign nations,  
 Seat of railroad operations,  
 At the head of navigation ;  
 Stretching out its iron highways,  
 By the river side and bye ways,  
 From the head of navigation.



ST. PAUL IN 1852.

Triumphant in its "then" review,  
And golden in its "now,"  
Most glorious does its future beam  
Upon its sunlit brow.

An enemy "sowed tares" one day,  
And they have sprung up by the way,  
And set themselves in mock array.  
But God is good and Truth is strong,  
And Error will succumb ere long.  
Of churches more than a full score,  
College and seminaries, four,  
Of public schools, a well-trained band,  
And all with first-class talent "manned."  
The Opera House, fair work of Art,  
Where Good and Evil act their part,  
And Custom House of UNCLE SAM,  
A granite pile, in structure grand ;  
And jail and calaboose come in  
With visage stern, rebuking sin.  
Free Masons, too, shall have their share  
In secret conclave—"on the square."  
What boots *Odd-fellowship* we say,  
When Woman's Suffrage wins the day ?  
The Templars, panoplied for fight,  
No enemy can put to flight ;  
And young men in Association,  
For Christian work, are at their station ;  
And Christian women, banded strong,  
To aid each noble work along ;  
And Libraries for public use,  
Engrafting sentiments of Truth ;  
All phases of historic lore



Are gathered in historic store,  
And fostering care is given free—  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.



Now for a modest mention comes  
The sweet-embowered suburban homes.  
And reader, please review the page,  
We're only twenty years of age.  
Society has every phase,  
All moving in their chosen ways,  
As birds, whate'er their plumage be,  
Each to its kindred flock will flee.  
Fashion and Folly *claim* the lead,  
And skating-rinks alive with speed,  
Are raging like velocipede.  
The tempting fronts of well-filled stores,  
Are opening now their palace doors,

And in whatever line they run,  
Wholesale or retail, are "at home."  
And of mechanics, every craft,  
From noblest arts down to the *last*.  
Professions, sadly overrun,  
And woman's work is just begun,  
And in her own "appropriate sphere,"  
Will work till vice shall disappear.  
Strange as this medley seems to you,  
'Tis not unseemly in review.  
Here's work for every earnest heart,  
And each can have befitting part,  
And fill his own appropriate place,  
In the great temple of His grace.  
*Now*, stretching o'er a three mile space,  
St. Paul has run a glorious race,  
Has won him a far-sounding name,  
First, on the northwest scroll of fame.

Dost query of the "St. Paul Press?" we now have given  
one,  
And we told you of the "Pioneer," when we had first  
begun ;  
"Staats Zeitung" and "Volksblatt," my friend, will go  
into the batch,  
And give the home and foreign news, all daily, with  
"Dispatch."

Shadows are nestling, and sunlight is blending,  
Ere Summer's long day has come to its ending,  
And quiet Retirement sits down with good grace  
Where *then* stood the teepee, but now stands PARK PLACE.

The invalid, tourist, or sojourner will find  
A model hotel, and appointments to mind.  
'Tis a truth, tho' poetic, devoid of all gas,  
So call at Park Place ere the season shall pass.



Before we bid you all good day,  
We have another word to say,  
To tell you of the steamboat ride,  
On Mississippi's flowing tide,  
When first day of December comes,  
With flying flags and beating drums,  
With ringing bells and booming guns,  
Hilarious cheer and glorious sun,  
Music by the Great Western Band—  
This "Institution of the land"  
Now challenges all the world beside  
To beat them in their steamboat ride.

We dream no more, now real life is found  
Thro' all of these but recent hunting grounds.  
The native wealth, the innate strength of man,  
Is here portrayed on broad, expansive plan.  
"No pent-up Utica contracts his powers,"  
And dwarfs his soul in sunny land like ours ;  
In every cause which thrills the good man's heart,  
She shares an earnest and a noble part.

Back o'er the Past, to glad Creation's morn,  
When Earth was made, and Light thereto was born,  
When waters took their designated place,  
Where moved and spake Creator of our race ;  
Back to that time, in wondering review,  
Mid ages change—where yet is *nothing new* ;  
As brightly now the Mississippi flows  
As when its path the blest Eternal chose ;  
Superior had then as proud a bound  
As that which now his majesty surrounds.  
Then that grand plain was lifted up so high,  
That far off waters seemed to kiss the sky ;  
Dividing ridge gave each directing line,  
And overlooked a landscape as sublime  
As this on which the modern eye doth gaze  
In admiration and devout amaze ;  
And then, as now, it photographed this land,  
And its rich glories whereof we have sang ;  
And much we marvel if the vision spans,  
In all the earth, so *broad* view as we get  
Upon the summit of MOUNT HARRIET.



We bow most reverently to Thee,  
 Author of Beauty! When we see  
 Such emanations from His hand,  
 This crowning glory of this land;  
 We really think that here He stood  
 When He announced "His work was good;"  
 The heart o'erflows with gratitude and praise,  
 The soul and song unfeignedly we raise  
 To the DESIGNER of this work sublime,  
 This heritage, this home of yours and mine,  
 Of which we say, as one did say of old:  
 "The half has not, and never can be told."

## NOTES.

1. Sioux, pronounced *Soo*.
2. The Chippeways.
3. Minnesota became a State in 1857, eight years after its territorial organization.
4. The "Maine Law" set aside by an imported government official, as "unconstitutional."
5. James M. Goodhue, first editor of the Territory, published the *St. Paul Pioneer*. Died July, 1852.
6. J. W. Bass, proprietor of the "St. Paul House;" J. J. Shaw, of the Merchants' Hotel. One and the same building yet not the same.
7. The International was burned February 3, 1869, just before these pages went to press.
8. Moffet's Castle was originally built at the bottom of a ravine, the ravine being filled up for a street, the building rose with it till it had left three stories under ground, and grown as many above.
9. A Vermont boy being asked by an English traveler what they could raise on such rocky soil? replied, "Not much grain, and so we have schools and *raise men*."
10. The Old Government Mill built for the benefit of Fort Snelling. Since the tribute to its memory was written, this ancient landmark has disappeared.
11. Festival of the Baptist Church.
12. Congregationalist College.
13. Now the St. Paul and Milwaukee Railroad.
14. The STATE CHRISTIAN CONVENTION was held at Faribault October, 1867, at which the following resolution was unanimously passed:  
*Resolved*, That the Christian Church has lost much in time past for lack of a more perfect development of the female talent



and piety of the church. That this lack of development is owing to certain public sentiment which though conscientiously held by a large part of the church, we are constrained to regard as a mistaken sentiment, founded on a wrong interpretation of certain passages in the divine Word.

*Resolved*, That while it would fall us to speak of the multiplied ways in which this talent will be profitably developed and which the quick instincts of woman will soonest discover, we cannot help declaring our conviction that one of the surest ways of increasing the interest and spiritual profit of our prayer and conference meetings is by inviting and encouraging the sisters of the church to take part freely in them.

*Resolved*, That in addition to the local opportunities in connection with individual churches, such as female prayer meetings, sewing societies, personal efforts for the salvation of individual souls, &c., we feel that the blessed results of female labor in connection with the Christian Commission during the late war presses the question with immense weight upon the church, whether there is not similar or equally extensive work awaiting her in a time of peace for the conversion of the world to God.

15. The first school of Owatonna was taught by Miss Helen Holbrooks, in an arbor made of green boughs, in the summer of 1855.

16. A sharp and bitter contention arose between Austin and Lexington, in regard to the removal of the county seat from the latter to the former place. Austin was central and Lexington at the extreme corner of the county, and the officials residing at or near Austin, demurred against the long court pilgrimages when there were no railroads, hence the contest as described, and the actual occurrences.

17. By the raid of 1862, in which they were led on by Little Crow, the annual payments from Government were forever forfeited.

18. Mantorville is the seat of Dodge county.

19. Mrs. Bancroft edits and publishes the Mantorville Express, the only female editor in the State in 1869.

20. Married at Rice Lake, October 29, 1868, by Rev. W. C. Shepard, Canfield Coe to Miss Elizabeth Ward.

21. For the massacres of Shetek and the raid generally, see DAKOTA WAR WHOOP.

22. Mankato, named for the imaginary Water-Nymph, sup-

posed to preside over the undine regions, during the prevalence of superstition.

23. M. S. Wilkinson, U. S. S., see his record during the days of the Rebellion.

24. Anoka, a Sioux word, meaning both sides: the town is located on both sides of the two rivers, hence its appropriateness.

25. "Glencoe money" was once a proverb in the State, the spurious currency was a long-remembered sore to many. "STEPHEN'S SEMINARY," is in honor of Col. John H. Stephens, the original proprietor of the town of Glencoe, who served with distinction in the Mexican war, and held honorable position in the late rebellion. He was the first settler of Minneapolis, where he now resides.

26. The first furrow plowed in what is now Minnesota, was in 1822, near Fort Snelling, to supply the garrison with vegetables, but Mr. Haskell, of Afton, claims to have been the pioneer in *farm plowing*, and still lives on the beautiful farm where the first farm plow was set.

27. "Homes" for the Homeless, of the "Good Shepard," Protestant and Catholic Orphan Asylums, Hospitals, &c., properly come in this line.



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